

THE DEATH PLANNER

HERMAN KAHN, nuclear strategist, is a case of nature going one worse than art. His writing shows a mind compared with which Dr. Strangelove was a rational being.

This emerges in all its horror from his book *On Escalation* (Pall Mall, 42s), which appears today after much advance publicity in the U.S.

When he reviewed a previous book by this author on this page four years ago, Prof. J. D. Bernal wrote: "Where Hitler killed his millions, Kahn kills in his tens of millions—luckily on paper."

But in the four years that have passed, Kahn's employers, including the Rand Corporation, have made many more millions from the killing of many more innocent people, above all in Vietnam.

Herman Kahn and his staff, including Messrs. Ambuster, Kaplan, Kauffman and Katz to whom he makes due acknowledgment, work in a converted mental institution, where they have set up the Hudson Institute to produce a philosophy on nuclear war.

'Research'

His new book embodies the so-called "research" carried out by the institute under a contract with the Martin Company, the aero-space division of the Martin Marietta Corporation, to study "The National Interest in International Order."

An interesting sidelight on the activities of the Martin Company of Baltimore, manufacturers of planes and missiles for the U.S. Government, was given some years ago in Fred Cook's "The Warfare State," which quoted a U.S. Congressman as reporting:

"A sub-committee uncovered what was going on in the Bahamas whereby the Martin Company was entertaining on a lavish scale both active and retired officers, among whom were some who within 30 days would appear before the Appropriations Committee in support of contracts which included parcels for the Martin Co."

These "parcels" produced their patriotic award at the time worth some 800 million dollars in war contracts, which must have rocketed considerably since then.

The nature of this "national interest in international order" by the Martin Co. is naturally not

by **SAM RUSSELL**



disclosed by Kahn in his introduction, but it's as well to keep it in mind.

Perish the thought that this "large fat man, who laughs easily," according to *The Times* Washington correspondent, or his high-minded sponsors have any pecuniary interest in the development of theories which, if they were accepted, would open up vistas of unlimited production of war missiles and nuclear weapons of all sorts.

But a reading of just his chapter on "the nuclear threshold" is enough to cause any decent-minded person to vomit first and then to start doing something about getting Kahn and his kind put in a place where they can do no further harm.

U.S. to start

While he admits that it would be very unlikely that either the Soviet Union or China would initiate the use of nuclear weapons and that "it is difficult to believe that they would," he calmly admits that "it seems that the initiation is as likely to come from us."

Among the situations (called by Kahn "scenarios") in which he envisages nuclear weapons might be used, he lists "riots in East Germany" followed by "a successful intervention by West German divisions," as well as the use of nuclear weapons against China and North Vietnam.

Dealing with Vietnam, he declares that "one can almost predict that the U.S. will be more willing to escalate in North Viet-

nam because its first escalation (the Gulf of Tonkin incident in 1964) seems to have been reasonably successful."

Contemptuously dismissing objections to his analyses of "nuclear bargaining," Kahn goes on to consider "some potential positive aspects of the use of nuclear weapons."

And he then declared that "there are many local situations that might be stabilised by some diffusions of nuclear weapons," while considering that "the non-use of nuclear weapons might decrease stability," if this non-use goes on for a long time.

Cataclysm

But while he admits that "a widespread diffusion of nuclear weapons" would make even more apparent "the possibility of immediate and cataclysmic destruction," he is not at all deterred by this prospect.

On the contrary he goes on to produce "additional arguments in favour of a breach of the nuclear threshold," which "coldly, considered, have greater force."

By "breach of the nuclear threshold," Kahn means nuclear war.

Among these arguments, he produces one according to which if the U.S. is not willing to breach the nuclear threshold, this would strain relations in Nato and other U.S. military pacts.

He also considers "a persuasive argument" the one put forward by the notorious Dr. Teller that "the attempt to prohibit the use of nuclear weapons in being merely weakens the morale of the U.S. without eliciting concessions from the Soviets..."

And so he concludes that "a nation that habitually or conceptually denies itself a first use of nuclear weapons is likely to impair its psychological ability to use these weapons with determination, possibly even in self-defence."

Britain too

He claims that his arguments "may apply with greater force to Britain," and he demands that "some variation" of what he calls "proportional nuclear reprisal" be considered "for its possible worth in fulfilling European political-military objectives."

If this man were a private individual it would be bad enough. But he is an adviser to the U.S. Defence Department and his masters are the powerful Martin Co. of Baltimore.

Kahn and his cohorts have told us in this book how the enemies of mankind propose to put their foul ideas into operation, and to that extent it is a useful book. We have been warned.



It happened in Atlanta. A passing white woman defied a white mob about to attack Negro Civil Rights demonstrators "What do you know about what it's like to be black?" she shouted. This is only one of many moving and inspiring pictures in "A Matter of Colour" (Penguin, 8s 6d). The highly effective text is by Lorraine Hansberry.

Danilo Dolci takes a look at Socialism

by **ERIC SCOTT**

Those who have not read any of Dolci's books may get an idea of the remarkable Dolci movement from *Fire Under the Ashes* (Hodder and Stoughton, 30s), told by James McNeish.

One of the greatest causes of Sicilian misery has been the lack of water. The crops dried up, while rich landlords actually sold water to those who had none.

The obvious solution was to dam the rivers and divert the water flowing into the sea. But to this the landlords and their hired gangsters, the Mafia, were opposed.

With the utmost courage, often using the methods of Gandhi, Dolci has renounced the Catholic faith and come to rely on mass action rather than individual appeals to the authorities.

McNeish is at pains to point out the great differences between Dolci and the Communists, and seems to be a little critical of the fact that Dolci insisted on going to Russia when this might have affected the flow of funds from American sources.

But Dolci himself in his writing always pays tribute to Communists for their struggle for the people, and indeed his most likeable and heroic characters in his books are Communists.

As McNeish admits, he has twice been asked by the Communists to stand for Parliament, but has declined on the ground that it is better to keep his movement independent of party politics.

Asked why so many of his friends were Communists he replied on one occasion, "Show me the Christian Democrat who is cultured."

wood. Whole quarters, covering nearly a third of the city if not more, are like those to be found in near-by India. At the airport everything testifies to the fact that India is less than half an hour's flight away.

"The mellowly-dark faces of the Indians in transit, the time-tables, the notices, the advertisements, all tell the same story. We hear the same sort of music. But no one throws himself on the ground to kiss my feet and beg for a kopeck."

"Although the people are obviously poor, they are all decently dressed, and look healthy. Their faces are harder than those of their neighbours in India but they are not ravaged by galloping consumption."

But it is impossible to give any idea of Dolci's conclusions by summary. It is necessary to read his evidence.

He found ordinary people most informative in the Soviet Union, and he gives an interesting account of the role of workers' councils and profit-sharing in Yugoslavia.

Somewhat baffled

But sometimes he was rather baffled in the new African States.

Yet he sees great hope in Africa, too. As he left Senegal he wrote: "Throughout most of the country, now with one voice and now with another, people of all tendencies and creeds are joining in the debate—experts, members of the professional classes, those who believe in the people and those who have never given planning a moment's thought before."

And on the results of this great symposium, on the decisions which will be born of it, will depend not only the future of a thousandth part of all the men and women in the world today, but the future of their children also. And not of theirs alone.

Dolci has written a new book. In it he provides new evidence that Socialism is the great necessity of humanity in our time.

He used to ask to see the poorest quarters first. For instance he says of his visit to Tashkent in Soviet Asia: "I want to see the poorer quarters. For I know from experience that these give the best clue to the basic problems of an area."

"Even off the main street near the new houses, the old alleys are to be found leading down through their low houses of mud and

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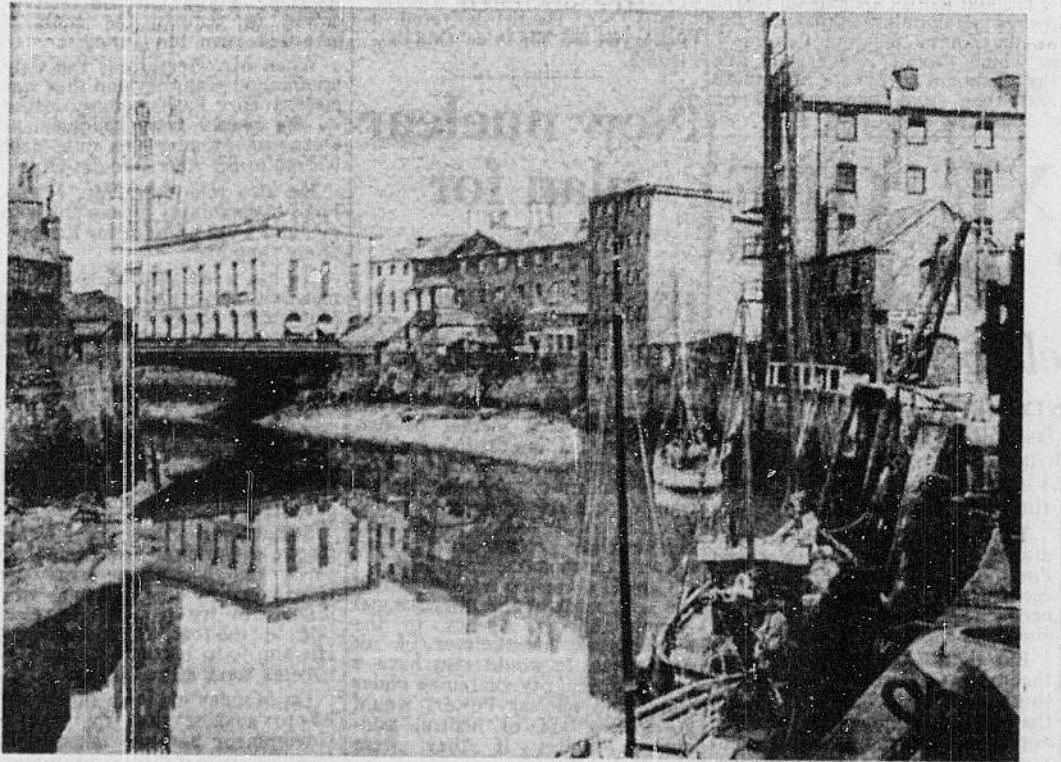
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Boston Stump and quays from "Lincolnshire—a Shell Guide," by Henry Thorold and Jack Yates (Faber 15s).

A sordid and heroic age

NOVELS

THE Reformation in England was a complicated affair, at once heroic and sordid, but also rich men grabbing land, but also poor men gathering to read and discuss the Bible.

And while some were prepared to die for the truth that was in them, others preserved their lives and their estates by turning their coats as often as was necessary.

It is this contrast which gives its flavour to Alison Macleod's novel *The Heretics* (Hodder and Stoughton, 21s).

Her heroine is a real person, Anne Askew, a Protestant who inadvertently became entangled in the high politics of religion under Henry VIII when that remarkable king was doing a tight-rope act between Pope and Luther.

Anne falls indeed does not really try to walk the rope and suffers torture and burning. Her story is told with insight and sympathy by her maid—who emerges as the most convincing person in the book—to John Fox. Fox listens and comments and wonders just how much he can print in his famous "Book of Martyrs," where we can find it today.

Alison Macleod fills in the gaps with such insight as to convince us that here we have the real and full story and that it was worth telling. Which is what a good historical novel ought to do.

A. L. Morton

QUEEN BERENICE

From wry humour to melodrama

ANY new book by Walter M. Miller is an event for sci-fi fans, and his volume of short stories *The View from the Stars* (Gollancz, 16s) is well up to standard.

Of the nine stories included, ranging from a wry humour to horror of almost Grand Guignol proportions, two or three are worthy of special mention, especially those dealing with an old subject in a new way.

Telepathy is a favourite subject with writers and readers—a new slant on just how it feels is given in the story "Anybody Else Like Me?"

In "Blood Bank," Miller deals with the idea of a Galactic Force coming up against men from Earth—or are they?

Altogether a very good selection from a very good author.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

OUR CROSSWORD

ACROSS: 1 Barrel (4), 4 Newt (3), 6 Grow together (4), 8 Pen (3), 10 Hard fat (4), 12 For fish or jam (4), 13 Deport (5), 15 Dreadful (4), 16 Tippler (3), 18 Image (4), 20 As you say (3), 21 Wheels run on (4).

DOWN: 1 Lettuce (3), 2 Red at night (3), 3 and 19 Tie one (4), 4 Needlecase (4), 5 London art gallery (4), 7 Small island (4), 9 Cab (4), 11 Resound (4), 12 Sleigh (4), 13 Whirlpool (4), 14 Flag (4), 16 Artful (3), 17 Cravat (3).

(Answers on page 3)

Stunning Prokofiev

by **MATTHEW QUINN**

The Angel of Fire (Sadler's Wells).

THIS is a work of the eclectic Prokofiev of the '20s. Based on a symbolist poem, necessarily cut and simplified, it seems a confused mixture of philosophical ideas. But be that as it may, it is still a stunning experience.

The story is about Renata who, in her childhood and early womanhood was visited by a fiery angel. This angel became her ideal of manhood but departed abruptly at her suggestion of sexual love.

For the whole opera she is pursuing this angel or devil devotedly and doggedly followed by Ruprecht, who loves her deeply. She finally enters a convent where the devil in her spreads to all the nuns and the opera ends in a frightening scene of abandon and desecration in the convent.

The opera has many meanings. Too many in fact. At one time it is examining the mind of a woman in love, at another it is exploring in stark terms the sexual motivation of religion.

The terms are particularly stark in the last scene when the nuns, abjectly giving themselves to Christ and the petty authority of the male clerics catch Renata's madness (or sanity) and in an orgy pull down both these shadowy symbols of masculinity.

The whole thing is indeed a mixture. But it is always exciting, not always clear. Prokofiev uses the story as a means to music of the widest range of emotion and in this production was superbly served by Marie Collier as Renata and John Shaw as Ruprecht.

The conductor was Leon Lovett. There are two more chances to see this exciting work—tonight and Saturday.

Relieved laughter

Black Comedy and Miss Julie (Chichester).

ONE of the most fantastic scenes in the repertory of the Chinese Classical Theatre from Peking on its last visit here was a duel by two swordsmen fought in the dark. The scene was performed on a brilliantly lit stage.

Peter Schaffer has taken this idea and written a farce set in a crazy Kensington apartment belonging to a very modern artist.

The play opens in darkness with voices discussing the decor of the room. They are waiting for the arrival of an art-collaging millionaire.

A fuse blows and the stage is plunged in light, the players attack the farce as though in the dark. This situation gives vast opportunities for mistaken identities, bedroom scenes, falling about and some genuine wit and comedy.

If some of the stock characters and situations of classical farce reappear it is nevertheless very funny indeed. The audience roared with delight, hardly able to believe its luck in actually being so hugely amused in the theatre.

Derek Jacobi led the fun and games. In Strindberg's black drama, Albert Finney as the valet and Maggie Smith as the rich Miss Fulsby give a beautiful and convincing interpretation in this complex and profound tragedy of class and sex.

The two plays were directed by John Dexter. —JACK SUTHERLAND.

The Big Breaker (Belgrade, Coventry).

ORIGINALLY on TV, the impression is that "The Big Breaker" rolls on longer without strengthening its impact.

Although the play is styled contemporary, all we get is a has been Tammany Hall local politician and senile M.P., breaking into the family life of an unfeeling, introspective, water board official, his love-starved, London-born, unassimilated wife and characterless son.

Joseph O'Connor brings gusto to the Wally Cross figure of larger-than-life, local councillor swindling the ratepayers—endearing and romantic on stage but dangerous and a bore in real life.

The acting of the Belgrade Theatre Company is superb and carries forward a play that in less capable hands would flail and lose interest.

There are some fine lines condemning certain contemporary values but neither the loser nor winners in this setting have contributed, or with much to progressive change. —KEN GRAVES.

Hamlet (Nottingham Playhouse).

TO compress Shakespeare's four-hour tragedy into three is a difficult task indeed, but this production by the company from the Ludlow Festival compresses the text so tight that passages become almost meaningless in the actors' mouths, so speedily were they spoken. The first half is a classic quart in a pint pot.

After the interval it becomes more Shakespeare as it should be played, with a final scene of crisp, raptier play and stark tragedy.

Emrys James, while a Hamlet of promise, fails to bring out the essential humanism of the Prince caught up in his terrible predicament. "What a piece of work is a man!" is not brought home.

He is at his best in Hamlet's witty, impassioned mood.

Twenty-one-year-old Marilyn Taylerson's Ophelia is a real delight, her fragile innocence turning to heart-rending idiosyncrasy under the hammer blows of fortune.

The menacing castle settings were designed by Patrick Robertson, the rich variety of costumes by Rosemary Vercoe, background music composed by Gilbert Kennedy, and the whole directed by Colin George.

JOHN PECK.

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